

WASHED OUT

A comely young woman named Jane,
While walking was caught in the rain.

She ran—almost flew.
Her complexion did, too,
And she reached home exceedingly plain.

"And you have to be called in the morning?" asked the lady of the new girl.

"I don't have to be, mum," replied the girl, unless you happen to want me."

'Twas in her darkest hours,
When the maid was in despair,
Her lover sent the flowers,
And the flowers scent the air.

"We had forty wedding presents.

"You're lucky."

"We are not. Every one came from friends who are engaged to be married."

Have you got a grinch that bites you?

Have you got a pain that smites you?

Have you got a hate that spites you?

Sleep it off.

There's no place in all the cherry

Daylight world for thoughts that weary.

Go to bed if you are dreary—
Sleep it off.

Life may be a riddle, but
the way to tackle a riddle is

to go in for solving it, and not to give it up.

ALL ABOARD FOR PANAMA

It begins to look as though everybody in America who can raise "the price" will make a bee-line for the Panama canal as soon as it is ready for inspection. Both on the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico, seaports are making extensive preparations to accommodate the rush.

All right glad you're going!

And by the way, while you are down there take a look at Uncle Sam's hotels, laundries, department stores and the like, and tell us if the sun still rises and sets where such things are going on.

Somebody suggests race suicide as a preventative for war.

